



Author of "GRAUSTARK," "THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND," "THE PRINCE OF GRAUSTARK," ETC.

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Thomas K. Barnes, wealthy New Yorker, on a walking trip through New England, is caught in a storm miles from his destination. At a roadside point he meets a girl in the same plight. While they discuss the situation an automobile, sent to meet the girl, arrives and Barnes is given a lift to Hart's tavern, where the girl is taken on to her destination, which she tells Barnes is a place called Green Fancy.

CHAPTER II.—At the tavern Barnes falls in with a stranded troupe of "hard-boiled" actors, headed by Lyndon Rushcroft, and becomes interested in them.

CHAPTER III.—As the storm grows, Barnes finds himself worrying over the safety of the girl, traveling over the mountain route at what he considers dangerous speed. He learns that Green Fancy is something of a house of mystery. Two mounted men leave the tavern in a manner which arouses Barnes' curiosity.

CHAPTER IV.—He meets "Miss Thackeray," leading lady of the stranded theatrical troupe, who is acting as chambermaid. That night he is aroused by the banging of a dying man in the tavern, one of the two who had ridden away a short time before. They tell of finding the dead body of the other man. Both had been shot.

CHAPTER V.—The wounded man, registered at the tavern as Andrew Paul, dies, and Barnes is informed he must not leave until after the inquest. O'Dowd and De Soto, guests at Green Fancy, visit the tavern, apparently much mystified over the affair.

CHAPTER VI.—Barnes advances Rushcroft money sufficient to release the company from its embarrassing position. Lyndon becoming his official backer, he visits Green Fancy, and in the grounds meets his acquaintance of the night before, finding her a girl of surprising beauty.

CHAPTER VII.—She seems not to be desirous of recognizing him, and turns away. O'Dowd appears and in apparently friendly fashion escorts Barnes (who feels he is unwelcome) from the grounds.

CHAPTER VIII.—Miss Thackeray warns Barnes that a man stopping at the tavern, ostensibly a book agent, had searched his baggage in his absence. O'Dowd comes to the tavern and with Barnes and others goes over the scene of the previous night's shooting. Barnes is invited to dinner at Green Fancy.

CHAPTER IX.—His acquaintance of the storm is introduced as Miss Cameron. The makeup of the house party, particularly a man introduced to him as "Loeb," and the number of men about the place, somewhat astonishes Barnes.

He was to depart at ten. The hour drew near and he had had no opportunity for detached conversation with Miss Cameron. He had listened to her bright retorts to O'Dowd's sallies, and marveled at the ease and composure with which she met the witty Irishman on even terms.

Not until the very close of the evening, and when he had resigned himself to hopelessness, did the opportunity come for him to speak with her alone. She caught his eye, and, to his amazement, made a slight movement of her head, unobserved by the others but curiously imperative to him. There was no mistaking the meaning of the direct, intense look that she gave him. She was appealing to him as a friend—as one on whom she could depend!

The spirit of chivalry took possession of him. His blood leaped to the



"Come and Sit Beside Me, Mr. Barnes," She Called Out Gayly.

call. She needed him and he would not fail her. And it was with difficulty that he contrived to hide the exaltation that might have ruined everything!

While he was trying to invent a pretext for drawing her apart from the others she calmly ordered Van Dyke to relinquish his place on the couch beside her to Barnes.

"Come and sit beside me, Mr. Barnes," she called out gayly. "I will not bite you or scratch you or harm you in any way. Ask Mr. O'Dowd, and he will tell you that I am quite

docile. I don't bite, do I, Mr. O'Dowd?"

"You do," said O'Dowd promptly. "You do more than that. You devour. Indeed I have to look in a mirror to convince myself that you haven't swallowed me whole. That's another way of telling you, Barnes, that she'll absorb you entirely."

For a few minutes she chided him for his unseemly aversion. He was beginning to think that he had been mistaken in her motive, and that after all she was merely satisfying her vanity. Suddenly, and as she smiled into his eyes, she said, lowering her voice slightly:

"Do not appear surprised at anything I may say to you. Smile as if we were uttering the silliest nonsense. So much depends upon it, Mr. Barnes."

CHAPTER X.

The Prisoner of Green Fancy, and the Lament of Peter the Chauffeur.

He envied Mr. Rushcroft. The barn-stormer would have risen to the occasion without so much as the blinking of an eye. He did his best, however, and, despite his eagerness, managed to come off fairly well. Anyone out of earshot would have thought that he was uttering some trifling innuendo instead of these words:

"You may trust me. I have suspected that something was wrong here."

"It is impossible to explain now," she said. "These people are not my friends. I have no one to turn to in my predicament."

"Yes, you have," he broke in, and laughed rather boisterously for him. He felt that they were being watched in turn by every person in the room.

"Tonight—not an hour ago—I began to feel that I could call upon you for help. I began to relax. Something whispered to me that I was no longer utterly alone. Oh, you will never know what it is to have your heart lighten as mine—but I must control myself. We are not to waste words."

"You have only to command me, Miss Cameron. No more than a dozen words are necessary. Tell me how I can be of service to you."

"I shall try to communicate with you in some way—tomorrow. I beg of you, I implore you, do not desert me. If I can only be sure that you will—"

"You may depend on me, no matter what happens," said he, and, looking into her eyes, was bound forever.

"I have been thinking," she said. "Yesterday I made the discovery that I—that I am actually a prisoner here, Mr. Barnes. I—Smile! Say something silly!"

Together, they laughed over the meaningless remark he made in response to her command.

"I am constantly watched. If I venture outside the house I am almost immediately joined by one of these men. You saw what happened yesterday. I am distracted."

"I will ask the authorities to step in and—"

"No! You are to do nothing of the kind. The authorities would never find me if they came here to search." (It was hard for him to smile at that.) "It must be some other way. If I could steal out of the house—but that is impossible," she broke off with a catch in her voice.

"Suppose that I were to steal into the house," he said, a reckless light in his eyes.

"Oh, you could never succeed!" "Well, I could try, couldn't I?" There was nothing funny in the remark, but they both leaned back and laughed heartily. "Leave it to me. Tell me where—"

"The place is guarded day and night. The stealthiest burglar in the world could not come within a stone's throw of the house."

"If it's as bad as all that, we cannot afford to make any slips. You think you are in no immediate peril?" "I am in no peril at all unless I bring it upon myself," she said significantly.

"Then a delay of a day or so will not matter," he said, frowning. "Leave it to me. I will find a way." "Be careful!" De Soto came lounging up behind them.

"Forgive me for interrupting, but I am under command from royal headquarters. Peter, the king of chauffeurs, sends in word that the car is in an amiable mood and champing to be off. So seldom is it in good humor that he—"

"I'll be off at once," exclaimed Barnes, arising. "By Jove, it is half-past ten. I had no idea—good night, Miss Cameron."

He pressed her hand reassuringly and left her.

She had arisen and was standing, straight and slim by the corner of the fireplace, a confident smile on her lips.

"If you are to be long in the neighborhood, Mr. Barnes," said his hostess, "you must let us have you again."

"My stay is short, I fear. You have only to reveal the faintest sign that I may come, however, and I'll hop into my seven-league boots before you can utter Jack Robinson's Christian name. Good night, Mrs. Van Dyke. I have you all to thank for a most delightful evening."

The car was waiting at the back of the house. O'Dowd walked out with Barnes, their arms linked—as on a former occasion, Barnes recalled.

"I'll ride out to the gate with you," said the Irishman. "It's a winding, devious route the road takes through the trees."

They came in time, after many "hail-plins" and right angles, to the gate opening upon the highway. Peter got down from the seat to release the pedaled chain and throw open the gate.

O'Dowd leaned closer to Barnes and covered his voice.

"See here, Barnes, I'm no fool, and for that reason I've got sense enough to know that you're not either. I don't know what's in your mind, nor what you're trying to get into it if it isn't already there. But I'll say this to you, man to man: Don't let your imagination get the better of your common sense. That's all. Take the tip from me."

"I am not imagining anything, O'Dowd," said Barnes quietly. "What do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say. I'm giving you the tip for selfish reasons. If you are a fully paid fool of yourself, I'll have to see you through the worst of it—and it's a job I don't relish. Ponder that, will ye, on the way home?"

Barnes did ponder it on the way home. There was but one conclusion to put upon the remark: It was O'Dowd's way of letting him know that he could be depended upon for support if the worst came to pass.

O'Dowd evidently had not been deceived by the acting that masked the conversation on the couch. He knew that Miss Cameron had appealed to Barnes, and that the latter had promised to do everything in his power to help her.

Suspecting that this was the situation, and doubtless sacrificing his own private interests, he had uttered the vague but timely warning to Barnes. The significance of this warning grew under reflection. Barnes was not slow to appreciate the position in which O'Dowd voluntarily placed himself. A word or a sign from him would be sufficient to bring disaster upon the Irishman who had risked his own safety in a few irretrievable words. The more he thought of it, the more fully convinced was he that there was nothing so fear from O'Dowd.

Peter drove slowly, carefully over the road down the mountain. Responding to a sudden impulse, Barnes lowered one of the side seats in the tonneau and moved closer to the driver.

"How long have you been driving for Mr. Curtis?"

"Ever since he came up here, more'n two years ago. Guess I'm going to get the G. B. 'fore long, though. Seems that he's gettin' a new car an' wants an expert machinist to take hold of it from the start. I was good enough to fiddle around with this second-hand pile of junk an' the one he had last year, but I ain't qualified to handle this here machine he's expectin', so he says. I guess they's been some influence used against me, if the truth was known. This new secretary he's got ain't stunk me."

"Why don't you see Mr. Curtis and demand—"

"See him?" snorted Peter. "Might as well try to see Napoleon Bonaparte. Didn't you know he was a sick man?"

"Certainly. But he isn't so ill that he can't attend to business, is he?" "He sure is. Paralyzed, they say."

"What has Mr. Loeb against you, if I may say?"

"Well, it's like this. I ain't in the habit of being ordered around as if I was just nobody at all, so when he starts in to fuss me about something a week or so ago, I ups and tells him I'll smash his head if he don't take it back. He takes it back all right, but the first thing I know I get a call-down from Mrs. Collier. Course I couldn't tell her what I told the sheeny, seemin' as she's a female, so I took it like a lamb. Then they gits a feller up here to wash the car. My gosh, mister, the burned ole rattle-trap ain't with a bucket of water all told. So I sends word in to Mr. Curtis that if she has to be washed, I'll wash her. Then's when I hears about the new car. Next day Mrs. Collier sends for me an' I go in. She says she guesses she'll try the new washer on the new machine when it comes, an' if I keeter to stay on as washer in his place she'll be glad to have me. I says I'd like to have a word with Mr. Curtis, if she don't mind, an' she says Mr. Curtis ain't able to see no one. So I guess I'm goin' to be let out."

An idea was taking root in Barnes' brain, but it was too soon to consider it fixed.

"You say Mr. Loeb is new at his job?"

"Well, he's new up here. Mr. Curtis was down to New York all last winter bein' treated, you see. He didn't come up here till about five weeks ago. Loeb was workin' for him most of the winter, gittin' up a book or somethin', I hear. Mr. Curtis' mind is all right, I guess, even if his body ain't."

"I see. Mr. Loeb came up with him from New York."

"Kerect. Him and Mr. O'Dowd and Mr. De Soto brought him up 'bout the last of March. They was up here visitin' last spring an' the fall before. Mr. Curtis is very fond of both of 'em."

"It seems to me that I have heard that his son married O'Dowd's sister."

"That's right. She's a widder now. Her husband was killed in the war between Turkey an' them other countries four or five years ago."

"Really?"

"Yep. Him and Mr. O'Dowd—his own brother-in-law, y' know—was fightin' on the side of the Roolgarians and young Ashley Curtis was killed."

"Was this son Mr. Curtis' only child?"

"So far as I know. He left three little kids. They was all here with their mother jest after the house was finished."

"They will probably come into this property when Mr. Curtis dies," said



"She's a Widder Now. Her Husband Was Killed in the War."

Barnes, keeping the excitement out of his voice.

"More'n likely."

"Was he very feeble when you saw him last?"

"I ain't seen him in more'n six months. He was fallin' then. That's why he went to the city."

"Oh, I see. You did not see him when he arrived the last of March?"

"I was visitin' my sister up in Hornville when he come back unexpected-like. This feller Loeb says he wrote me to meet 'em at Spanish Falls but I never got the letter. Like as not the darn fool got the address wrong. I didn't know Mr. Curtis was home till I come back from my sister's three days later. I wouldn't 'a' had it happen fer fifty dollars." Peter's tone was convincingly doleful.

"And he has been confined to his room ever since? Poor old fellow! It's hard, isn't it?"

"It sure is. Seems like he'll never be able to walk ag'in. I was talkin' to his nurse only the other day. He says it's a hopeless case."

"Fortunately his sister can be here with him."

"By gosh, she ain't nothin' like him," confided Peter. "She's all fuss an' feathers an' he is jest as simple as you or me. Nothin' fluffy about him, I'n tell ye. He sighed deeply. "I'm jest as well pleased to go as not," he went on. "Mrs. Collier's got a lot of money of her own, an' she's got high-falutin' New York ideas that don't seem to jibe with mine."

(Continued next week.)

MILWAUKEE SHOPMEN FIRM

Will Refuse to Return to Work Unless Full Demands Are Granted, Says Union Leader.

Milwaukee, Aug. 9.—"Only in the event that our demands are acceded to will the men who walked out of the West Milwaukee shops of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railway return to work," said Otto A. Jirkowicz, authorized to speak for the allied crafts, August Lawrence, representing the Chicago and Northwestern shopmen, simply said he did not believe the men would return to work until the wage demands had been met.

7 OHIO MILK MEN INDICTED

Farmers' Co-operative Association Is Charged With Violating the Valentine Antitrust Law.

Cleveland, Aug. 9.—Indictments against seven members of the Ohio Farmers' Co-operative Milk association, formerly the Northern Ohio Milk Producers' association, were returned by the special county grand jury investigating the milk situation here. All are charged with violating the Valentine antitrust law. Caplases were issued for the seven men.

LOUISIANA CALLS TO

Colored Men of Chicago Wanted for Work on Farms—Committee Will Be Sent North.

New Orleans, Aug. 9.—Negroes in Chicago will be urged to return to Louisiana and Mississippi for employment on farms, it was decided at a conference here of the commissioners of agriculture and labor and planters of the two states. A committee will be named at a meeting to go to Chicago to interest the negroes in the movement.

IS THE WAR OVER?

By Professor LeVant Dodge

Some say that the great world-war, so called, terminated last November, when the armistice was signed. Others that it is now ended, but that it did not come to a conclusion until the terms of peace were agreed upon by the High Commissioners of the various powers, at Versailles, France, in June following. We may pause for a moment to make the inquiry: Is the war concluded yet?

Some one has made the statement in public that no less than 27 wars are now in progress. Europe still presents much the appearance of an armed camp. Two strong forces, with organized governments behind them, are struggling for the mastery in Russia. At least one of these is hostile to the forces of the Allies still remaining in that country, and the shedding of blood between these is no rare occurrence. Troops of other so-called governments, representing various localities in Russia, are striving to secure local independence. Budapest, the capital of Hungary, which the combined Allied forces fell many miles short of reaching, has been taken by the Rumanians single-handed. Certainly the war is not over with in that country. Frequent collisions have taken place between the soldiers of Italy and those of Jugo-Slavia, the result of their contention for possession of the eastern coast of the Adriatic Sea. Poland is really fighting for its independence, and to retain the territory allotted to that nation by the Council at Versailles. They have occasion to bear arms against the Germans on the one side, and the Ukrainians upon their opposite border. The cases just cited are only samples, though especially prominent ones, of the unrest still existing and of the hostilities which still are being waged.

In our most optimistic moments we have been led to hope that the settlement of the great war waged during the last four or five years would bring an assured and permanent peace to the whole world. Having entertained such bright hopes for the future, are we justified in expecting that the settlement of the national difficulties above mentioned, and others of a similar nature, will bring such peace as a permanent boon to mankind? Some will answer in the affirmative, providing only that the proposed League of Nations becomes an established fact. Of course such a League, according to the thought of the framers, will not be a reality unless the draft formulated at Versailles be ratified by all the Powers involved. Should it be thus ratified, not nearly all the people of the world would be bound by its terms, and it more properly would be styled a League of Nations than the League of Nations. Until the world is so far advanced, intellectually and morally, as that all the nations of the world are willing to unite in a combination to secure permanent peace, we cannot have full assurance that the time has come when it is safe to beat all our swords into ploughshares and our spears into pruning hooks.

The very fact of the existence of a league of nations indicates that the parties so combined have either an offensive or a defensive purpose in view. It at once suggests the idea of war. The leagues of the past have been bellicose in their nature and design. The League of Nations, as now proposed, has various stipulations which recognize the probability of wars to come. It is not presumptuous to predict that, even in the case of its general ratification, there will be wars in the future and even the league itself may have to fight for its own existence. We are not justified in hoping that no occasion will ever arise when some parties to the League will feel so aggrieved by conditions then existing as that they will withdraw from it. When withdrawals begin only Omnipotence can say when and where they will end. The writer of this article has no pessimistic tendencies. He yields to none in believing that what is right and for the highest interests of all living intelligence will ultimately prevail; yet he is ready to declare with confidence that when this war is ended it will not be the ending of all war.

Not all wars result from the ambitious designs of kaisers, autocrats or oligarchies. Not all wars are the struggles of nation against nation. The most terrible and bloody ones in the history of mankind have been between opposing classes of the same nationality. We speak of the horrors of the French Revolution, and in so doing we use

words with perfect propriety. Similar language might be used in characterizing the bloody struggle now going on in Russia. Perhaps the greatest danger of the future is that of war of classes within national boundaries. It is not designed to use the phraseology of an alarmist, but great calamities often come from a direction little suspected. We shall be very unwise if we fail to take note of the dangers lurking in the present state of affairs in all nations of the world. Our country is no exception. In many respects our prospects are more hopeful than those of most of the nations of the old world. But we hear mutterings of the storm on every hand. The present relations of capital and labor, and other concrete questions growing out of these relations, constitute a greater menace to us as a people than did our war in Europe, even during its darkest stages. We are so much more closely connected with our fellow men of various classes and in all sections of the country than was the case in the times of our forefathers, that co-operation, as against selfish competition, is far more necessary than in times gone by. We have no assurance of safety in the future while it is possible for thousands of profiteers to make millions of themselves because of their country's troubles, and through the imposition of extra burdens upon the masses of their fellow citizens. We can have no well-grounded hope of continued peace so long as combinations representing different trades or employments can hold up the business of the country and bring woes to their fellows through strikes entered into at the command of the autocrat or an oligarchy, who have been constituted as their leaders. We do not well to vent all our indignation upon either class, in an emergency so threatening as that which our country is now facing. So long as the principal emphasis is laid upon the term, "The Brotherhood of Engineers," "The Brotherhood of Shopmen," "The Brotherhood of Ironworkers," "The Brotherhood of Coal Miners," and many others which might be named, rather than the Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God, there is danger before us. There is not at hand a ready panacea for all existing ills and threatened dangers. It would be rash to prescribe an immediate remedy for all the evils which we are facing. For a long time to come, every generation will have weighty problems to solve. Probably few of us are ready to adopt as our own the doctrines of the Socialists. However, with the rapidly increasing dependence of every individual upon his fellow men, human government must perforce deal with an increased number of momentous questions, and in reality become stronger and stronger in its requirements. Until human nature becomes freer from dishonesty and greed, individual interests must be made more and more subservient to the needs of the organized whole. The demands of the entire sum of our countrymen for the present must be expressed through our constituted government. Oftentimes force will be required to carry out governmental plans. Be it ours to see to it that our government is so carried on, and such persons chosen as officials, that through their acts the best sentiment of the people may find its expression.

WHIPS COMPARING



Senator Charles Curtis of Kansas, Republican whip, is demonstrating to Senator Peter Goelert Gerry of Rhode Island, Democratic whip, how he keeps the Republicans in line. His posture would indicate that he uses forceful arguments, though the smile on Senator Gerry's face gives the impression that Senator Curtis' methods are not without humor.

Do you live on a mountain farm? Take Mountain Agriculture at Berea.